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REHIND THE SCREENS

HEARD AND SEEN :: : By BILL PRICE A Column FOR and FROM Everybody

KAJI YAJIMA.

"Mme. KAJI YAJIMA. ninety years of age, is bearing to Washing-Japan to the women of America. urging them to work for disarmament and the end of war."-Sunday's Washington Herald.

Even as statesmen of the Christian West, Political astrologers declaim: "The world is still unripe for peace, The Orient still lusts for conquest,

No peace is near."

With seal for peace aflame, Lo, KAJI YAJIMA is here!

Bowed with the weight of well nigh a hundred years, This aged mother, for all we know a grand-dame, Casting behind all doubts and fears

Across ten thousand miles of ocean

To bid her sisters of the West

Arise to banish war! When like a prophetess of old

Yajima hither fared, Who knows the dangers that she faced, The perils that she dared To proclaim anew:

'Peace on earth! Good will to men? If this be the faith of heathendom, Prevent not, Lord! Lord, let the heathen come!

JOE CONKLIN.

A kiddle told me, "Ef your boy don't stop teasin' me my mudder's gonna put a 'prayer' on 'im." I'm scared, but I'm sure it is not going to be the "Malden's Prayer."

PEANUTS.

THE LAWYER EXPLAINED.

Judge-You're charged with driving your auto while drunk. What you have to say for yourself? Defendant's Lawyer (jumping to feet)-If you please, your honor, my client was not drunk; just suffering from "auto-intoxication." see, HIS motor was not hitting right

JULES BACKENHEIMER.

KEEP-A-SMILING. (Printed again by request.)

If you are feeling sort of blue, TRY SMILING. If some friend has proven untrue, TRY SMILING. If your trials are hard to bear, Remember others have their share, You'll find trouble everywhere, TRY SMILING.

MRS, IDA MAE FOWLER,

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

HISTORY. The loss by Tech High School of the championship by one point takes us back to the good old days of 1903 and 1904 when she won and tied by the wizard toe of HARRY HUNT, now of the District government. In 1903 Hunt set a record of 35 goals after touchdowns without a miss as well as kicking numerous drop kicks and goals from placement for Tech, having played in 1902 for Western. In 1904 Tech and Central clashed for the championship. Central scored the first touchdown and kicked goal. Later in the game Tech scored a touchdown at the extreme west corner of the field, making the angle the most difficult possible goal, and Hunt was called on to deliver the goods to tie the score and save his team from defeat. With only a yard of daylight between the posts visible from such an angle the ball shot true as steel across the bar between the uprights. The cohorts of Tech who remember the incident only wish that Harry had been on the gridiron for his old school last week. In those days BRYAN MORSE and COURTY CHURCH were doing gallant service at Western; SNOW, KIPP and COX were cavorting around for Central, and CLYDE DUNNINGTON was performing for Eastern, while "TUBBY" BALLENGER and AL DUGANE, JOHNNIE HERRING. BACHUS, GIEB and a few others were working out with Harry Hunt in that powerful old machine at Tech which Hecox coached and "UNCLE" LOUIE MATTERN put

GUESS THIS ONE. A word of three syllables, here you'll see, Meaning a place for disabled

TECK ROOTER.

The first will show a preposition, While the second names a tree; And as the third takes its position, A maiden's name there will be. H. SMITH.

THE NEW EUROPEANS. If, as they say, the world is now at peace,
I know what ails the new-born
Europeese.

The Turkians, the Moorians and Spaniaks. The Russurks, the Austroos and the Sloveese, Greslans, the Sileeks and Portugaks,

all the "iciaus," "echs," and "eeks" and "aks," Invented and are playing a bang-up

"My Name, My Name-Who's Got My Name?" NAUTILUS.

ADVERTISING OURSELVES. READERS, if you're fond of prhymes,

EVERY day just read The Times, AND there you'll find what you desire—

DOUBTLESS more than you re-

THE columns of its Heard and Seen HAVE rhymes that are indeed supreme, EACH one will cause a hearty

laugh. THERE you'll find truth, wit, humor, chaff, INDEED you'll find much good advice, METHINKS its columns will you suffice;

EVERY one who will read with SHOULD find their heart's desire

> B. A. READER. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Now my FIRST is like the saying And my SECOND is a common word, Amuseful little tyke. But my THIRD sounds quite a bit

A cussword often heard. And my LAST of late has scathingly . In numbers three referred.

MY WHOLE is something poeple don't do Who ride too much in cars.

BRIDGEPORT. A "UNIVERSAL" MOVING PIC-TURE OF LIFE.

Our turbulent lives are today, Both audience and "movie stars," One will some fool stunts play. That another's nerves raspingly jars.

Millionaires wed and divorce wild vamps. A poor flend slays his innocent wife; Satan gleefully chuckles as death tramps In the wake of the bootlegger's strife.

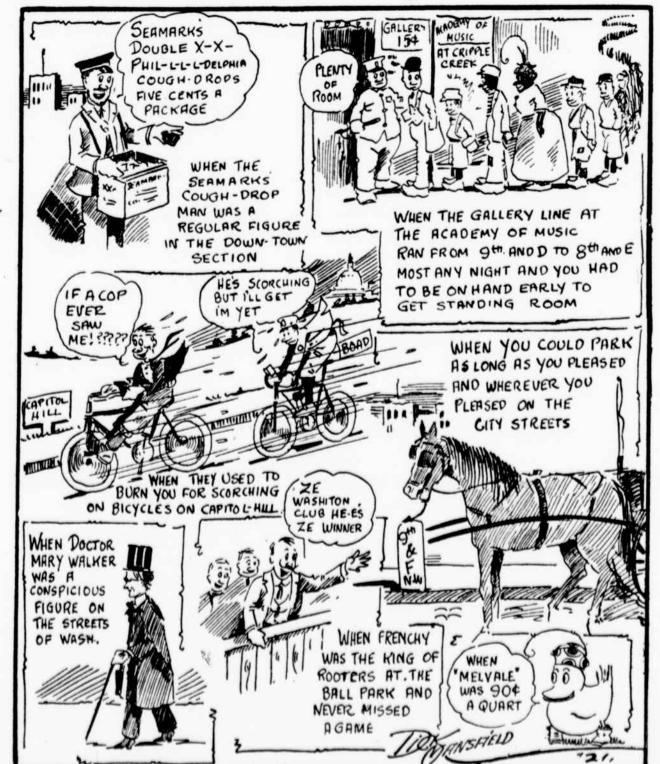
Mimicing humanity would fain excel.

No matter what the ultimate goal.

Worldliness from most minds expel

Even thoughts of their God-given soul. The sublime creed, the Golden Rule, Lays dead in inconsideration's maw, Some even classing one as a feel Who dares quote this Heavenly in-spired law.

Wealth, sensualities, respiendency and Each seeker therefore gets recklessly bold, A world of sin in eternal death aflame Will find fiddlers like Ners of old, L. J. MENASCO. 'Who Remembers? - - By Dick Mansfield'



JUST A FEW QUESTIONS.

I may not be a poet, but in rhyme I'll try to tell Just why I like the columns of Heard and Seen so well. I find there consolation when I read what others say—

Some things may make me feel so sad, while others make me gay. But galety exceeds by far the lines that tell of grief;

The sunshine that is there dispensed gives sad hearts some relief. I read there jokes and fables—there are puzzles by the score; At some I've laughed and laughed and laughed until my sides were sore.

I've tried for several years or more, but, by gosh, I never can Just figure out exactly right how old was Cousin Ann.

I'm getting old, my hair is thin, my brain's begun to thicken, But before I die I'd like to know which was first—the egg or chicken? I'd also like to know the fate, or just the

Of a man who rambled around this town named Dorsey Foultz, Also why, when a red-haired girl goes strolling upon the street

Before she is halfway out of slight a white horse you're sure to meet. Such things as these I'd like to know— please some fan make reply. And tell me if you really think this old town will be always dry.

I'd like to ask more questions here, but it would be so mean For me to take up more of the space of good old Heard and Seen. MINNIE MEEKS.

PARAGRAPHING THE WOMEN. Women, like the paradoxes that they are, never appear to be all that they are, and are never all that they

Some women are supported by their husbands about as much as the sun is supported by its beams.

Those girls who are wearing peekaboo waists, knee-length skirts and roll-top stockings must think that every man is from Missouri.

Courting a grass widow on a cloudless day is what you might call making hay while the sun shines.

If the beauty of every girl were as dazzling as she thinks it is, we men would all have to wear smoked glasses to keep from being blinded. F. J. SCHWAB.

THE HELPING HAND.

If you ever hear somebody say,
With his head ben: low, himself at bay,
His honor, his life, not worth a song;
"The world, the worl 'sell wrong;"
Tell him there's a silver liming,
But do something more than merely jaw,
For advice won't fill an empty maw,
Lend a helping hand; extend your aid
And sympathy; you'll find a new man
made.

BRIDGEPORT,

THE HOBO.

In every land beneath the sun You meet him, on the street, A lean and hungry creature With swollen, weary feet.

He'll split his last crust with you, He'll rise to helphts unfold; Yet on the auction block of life This son of God is "sold."

Once he was but a baby, Bounced on his mother's knees; Now, on a park bench, hard and cold. His very heart does freeze.

Oh, world scorn not the hobo.

If laws were fair and square;
The hobo's name would not spell shame.

And to mock him none would dare. EDWARD J. IRVINE.

SLINGING SLANG

"So you and your wife separated, "Yes, she caught me talking to an old girl of mine and bawled me out right before her. 'You didn't let that separate you,

did you?" "Yes, I took a fence and gave her the gate!" JULES B.

AN INVITATION.

Sing a song of Heard and Seen,
The column that brings much joy:
Embellished with wit and wisdom clean,
For man and woman, girl and boy.
The "G. O. C." stands for all that is
best
As a most wholesome relations.

Where everything is very nice. There you'll meet the friend of all mor-Our worthy editor and friend-BILL PRICE.

THIS ONE IS EASY.

For the wonderful math sharks of the G. O. C. I submit this: If it takes a boy with a clean face three hours to walk five miles how long will it take a boy with a dirty face, whose name is Algernon?

MARIE 8. JUST A LITTLE SARCASTIC.

I've just been trying to figure out What folks really mean by a MAN. Will some one kindly tell me—
That is, if you really can?

The average species of today
Think of nothing but women and Of course, it takes a man to drink, But a better one still to keep from They go with girls just long enough
To make them care, and then,
If course, in a very polite way,
The cirls are very soon forgotten.

advice to other girls, Listen to all they say to you And then hand back the same old line SOUTHEAST,